

## POKER KEEPS YOU GUESSING.

THO INSTANCES OF THE VARI-  
ETIES OF LUCK.Three Skillful Players Fitted Against Two  
College Lads Whose Desire Was to  
Spend Their Money—Twists of Fortune  
That Gave All the Cash to the Lamps.

The hot spot stood about 11 A. M. looking against a lamp-post on the shady side of Long Acre Square. He was sitting on the inside edge of the sidewalk and looking on his countenance seemed to indicate that he was vastly discontented. Whether this was because the edge of the leather and the edge of the stone were not mates, or whether something else disgusted him, was not apparent.

To him presently came one of his cronies, a dark-complexioned man with a bright smile and a red flower in his buttonhole. "Morning," he said briskly, as he stopped and looked to see what the other was doing with his foot.

"Morning," responded the hot spot without looking up.

His friend looked at him quizzically for a moment, and then, pulling out his cigar case, produced two big black cigars and some matches. When the tobacco was well alight, he said with friendly interest: "Up against it?"

"Not exactly," said the hot spot. "I was only thinking that maybe a little money once in a while might be good for the nerves. This lightning change act cheers you up, so to speak; but as a continuous performance it gets a little wearing as you grow old, and I celebrated my hundred and fourth birthday yesterday."

"Bad as that?" asked his friend.

"Yes," said the hot spot, "either all evening. It was me for the money all day, and I wouldn't like to tell you the size of the roll I skinned when I got my dinner check. I was feeling that chipper the waiter caught a V."

"I'd copped out a wad in the street before 2 o'clock and picked those winners at Brighton in the afternoon, and there wasn't anything between me and a stable of autos but a few days' time. You know the feel when they come your way like that, consecutive."

"Well, I had it and the dinner was a dream. I wouldn't pick that five-spot up in the street if I knew it was the same one. We hadn't finished the cigarettes when a messenger brought me a note from Billy, to say that there was a game of poker on for the special celebration of two Harvard men that couldn't get rid of all the money their fond fathers insisted on sending 'em. He was keeping a seat for me, but he couldn't promise to keep it long."

"Well, naturally, you couldn't see me for dust, driving down to the hotel, and when I reached the room and I saw the layout, I wouldn't have sold that seat for a thousand." Billy had caught that red-headed crack looked like the first sign, and the other man nodded. "For the first sign, and the two Harvard men were there all right. Say, then, two wads, any plated goods. They were the originals."

"One was the Charles Horse and the other was the Willy Boy, and they must have been the ones that made the parts famous. All that Charles Horse seemed to be doing was to try to look intelligent, with the bearing of a lion and a Willy Boy had three-thousand dollars all over the walls."

"It was a hot night and he had a fever and a cold and his shoes rolled up, and you could see him in the first sign, and the photograph of his shoes and the other man's hand pointed at Edward, just next to his own, and Charles was it, but he was it."

"Do you know there was just a minute when I was mean enough to begrudge the back to Billy. I looked across, I wanted to beg it, and I reckon that was, maybe, what hoodlums the game. Course, I wouldn't have done Billy no dirt, but there was just that streak of yellow that made me think of it. I didn't think it was in me."

"It was table stakes for a thousand apiece to start. They were making the game when I came in, and the stock broker wanted to know if that would be too heavy for me. He said it wasn't, too."

"I never did like him, and I knew he had me down for a poker because I made a fool when he sold me out on a little deal without giving me a chance to make good on my margin. So I said: 'Make it a million if you like, and I flashed my wad.'"

"It was bigger than his, but we all knew his check was good for anything he'd sign. As for the Harvard men, they could cash money out of their hands, but I wasn't rattled, though I knew Billy was taking on me. As I said, it had been me for the money all day."

"Say, things come sudden in poker, don't they? The papers say that when that volcano rolled over down in the West Indies a while ago, there was a little deal without giving me a chance to make good on my margin. So I said: 'Make it a million if you like, and I flashed my wad.'"

"The way I figured it was that I'd better look foolish and study a lot before standing pat, and then put up my pile after studying some more. They might think I was bluffing. So that was what I did, and I reckon it was pretty good poker, at that."

"There was something doing, though. Willy Boy had first draw, for the stock broker was dealing, and he took his time. Finally he says: 'I'll split openers. Give me three cards, and he laid a chip on his discard to show after.'"

"Of course, there wasn't but one thing to think. It was plain he'd opened on two small pairs and was drawing to one of 'em. You couldn't think anything else, could you? Of course not."

"Well, Billy took two cards, and kind of looked over at me. I didn't pass no signal, for I knew he'd know enough to leave it to me when he saw me stand pat. And the stock broker, he took one."

"Willy Boy threw in a white chip without looking at his draw, and Billy lingered. I followed my programme and it was up to Willy Boy to contribute, if he thought I was bluffing. So that was what I did, and I reckon it was pretty good poker, at that."

"He didn't say a word, but he showed his pile forward, and Billy had a chance to think. He still had the three kings, and I struck him as good poker to call. I'd played my part too well, it seems, and he sized me for a bluff, so his pile dropped into the maelstrom."

"Say, Willy Boy had split his openers all night. They were jacks, and he'd taken three cards to the jack and king of spades. And the three he caught was the queen, ten and nine of spades."

"It was Billy and me to the boneyard, of course, for neither of us had more than a few scattering reds left. Willy Boy's pile being almost as big as ours. But there wasn't anything about that sort of play to scare a colt."

"A man that would play a stack of reds to the only newspaper that gathers all the news."

draw two spades was the kind of a player you go looking for with dark lanterns, and not even college boys' luck was likely to give him a straight flush again in the same sitting. Losing a wad didn't make me think I was due at the dentist's for a whole new set.

"I made me play a little closer to my collar button, though. Billy was banking and I noticed he put a five-hundred-dollar bill in the bank roll against the thousand dollars in chips that he bought, so I knew he was shy and I'd have to make good for him if he lost again, but even that didn't scare me out. My roll was still big enough to call for an elastic band round it to keep it together, and I knew Billy."

"I knew the stock broker, too, and I didn't feel as if I needed any introduction to Willy Boy after he'd made the kind of play he did even if he did win. The man I wasn't acquainted with was Charles Horse, and it didn't seem to me that anybody need be the seventh son of a seventh son to read the palm of his hand. It was spread out all over his face. You know you fool yourself, sometimes, knowing too much."

"Well, Charles Horse seemed to get excited, seeing what Willy Boy had done, and he started in, drawing to nothing, and getting nothing, till he'd bought again, twice. I did sure seem like all that was needed was a fair run of the cards and a little good, sound, poker sense to fetch Billy out of the game with an oil shine apiece."

"Well, there didn't seem to be much the matter with the cards for the next half hour or so. There wasn't any killing, and if everybody had been playing poker there wouldn't have been anything lost or won, to speak about."

"But say, those two were the easiest ever, and the stock broker lost all sense of propriety, reaching out after the chips they were playing on. Whenever they'd be a pair of 'em, he'd call, knowing the chances was he had 'em beat, and if either Billy or me had anything like a hand all we had to do was to call, or boost it if we happened to be strong."

"Honest, there wasn't any call for service. All you had to do was to sit under the tree and wait for the coconuts to drop in your lap."

"It was too bright to last. Charles Horse averaged about two blues a minute, and Willy Boy wasn't far behind, so, as the best stock broker could do was to stay about even, it was us for the coin till we got careless."

"Then the lightning-struck again. Charles Horse was in every time, no matter what it cost, and was pulling one, two, three, and even four cards, till he'd taken about one pot in twenty-five, till you'd have thought he'd gone mad, but all he did was to stretch himself and yawn, and finally began to complain because the game was too slow."

"What's the good playin' for beans?" he said. "It takes too long to lose your money this way. Let's take off the roof." And he laid his roll on the table."

The stockbroker, he was game, but he hadn't over about a thousand in his pocket. "I'll go you," he said, "if you'll take my check." And we all said that was satisfactory."

"Willy Boy said he didn't mind. He hadn't a great deal on his person, he said, but he could get anything he wanted from the house, and he'd just as soon play out under the sky as any other way."

"Billy said all he asked for was a show for his pile, and he'd keep up with the procession as long as he could, so that fetched it up to me, and I didn't want anything better. My wad was as big as Charles Horse had flashed, and I pulled out two of his cards and came in. As it turned out."

"It wasn't any phony deal, at that, for I had the deck myself, and I don't fight crimples with knives. It would have been better if it had been the cards against that outfit."

"It was a jackpot, and Willy Boy opened it for the size of it, which was an even hundred. Charles Horse looked at two of his cards and came in. As it turned out."

"After we reached the street I found about six dollars in change in my left hand pocket and I went round to Canfield's and called the turn once for that, so I have pocket money enough for the day, but I'm not looking for those automobiles this week."

There ain't much monotony about it, is there? But my how it keeps you guessing."

afterward all he had seen was a pair of sizes, but that was the kind of a game he was playing, and we all knew it, so he didn't scare us."

"Billy wasn't having a pair of aces, and I found a four flush, which was good enough for the odds in the pot, with the stockbroker still to hear from, so I threw in my hundred. The stock broker, he studied quite a while, but finally he came in and called for three cards."

"Willy Boy took, of course, Charles Horse took one. Billy threw and drew to his ace, and I filled my flush, king high."

"Willy Boy threw in a white chip without looking, and Charles Horse pushed his wad into the pot before he looked at his draw."

"Now I leave it to you if you could size that play up for anything else but two pairs or a bluff, or maybe even a kind of a kind at the outside. Mind you, I had been playing with him for two hours, and he had played just that sort of a game."

And he'd just kick about how slow the play was, when it had gone fast enough for the average citizen. Any how, I hadn't any doubt in my mind."

"Billy hadn't a word, for he called for his pile, having caught the third ace, and I showed mine as a matter of course."

The stock broker laid down, and we had to count up. It proved that my pile was about four hundred lower than Charles Horse's and he fumbled round in his clothes for a few minutes before he found another five hundred dollar bill."

"Willy Boy had shown his openers and laid down, and Charles Horse couldn't raise again, because I was all in, and, of course, Billy wasn't in it. But he called, and even then I was sure of the pot."

Well, he had two pairs all right—two pairs of sixes."

"After we reached the street I found about six dollars in change in my left hand pocket and I went round to Canfield's and called the turn once for that, so I have pocket money enough for the day, but I'm not looking for those automobiles this week."

There ain't much monotony about it, is there? But my how it keeps you guessing."

and wait for the coconuts to drop in your lap."

"It was too bright to last. Charles Horse averaged about two blues a minute, and Willy Boy wasn't far behind, so, as the best stock broker could do was to stay about even, it was us for the coin till we got careless."

"Then the lightning-struck again. Charles Horse was in every time, no matter what it cost, and was pulling one, two, three, and even four cards, till he'd taken about one pot in twenty-five, till you'd have thought he'd gone mad, but all he did was to stretch himself and yawn, and finally began to complain because the game was too slow."

"What's the good playin' for beans?" he said. "It takes too long to lose your money this way. Let's take off the roof." And he laid his roll on the table."

The stockbroker, he was game, but he hadn't over about a thousand in his pocket. "I'll go you," he said, "if you'll take my check." And we all said that was satisfactory."

"Willy Boy said he didn't mind. He hadn't a great deal on his person, he said, but he could get anything he wanted from the house, and he'd just as soon play out under the sky as any other way."

"Billy said all he asked for was a show for his pile, and he'd keep up with the procession as long as he could, so that fetched it up to me, and I didn't want anything better. My wad was as big as Charles Horse had flashed, and I pulled out two of his cards and came in. As it turned out."

"It wasn't any phony deal, at that, for I had the deck myself, and I don't fight crimples with knives. It would have been better if it had been the cards against that outfit."

"It was a jackpot, and Willy Boy opened it for the size of it, which was an even hundred. Charles Horse looked at two of his cards and came in. As it turned out."

"After we reached the street I found about six dollars in change in my left hand pocket and I went round to Canfield's and called the turn once for that, so I have pocket money enough for the day, but I'm not looking for those automobiles this week."

There ain't much monotony about it, is there? But my how it keeps you guessing."

afterward all he had seen was a pair of sizes, but that was the kind of a game he was playing, and we all knew it, so he didn't scare us."

"Billy wasn't having a pair of aces, and I found a four flush, which was good enough for the odds in the pot, with the stockbroker still to hear from, so I threw in my hundred. The stock broker, he studied quite a while, but finally he came in and called for three cards."

"Willy Boy took, of course, Charles Horse took one. Billy threw and drew to his ace, and I filled my flush, king high."

"Willy Boy threw in a white chip without looking, and Charles Horse pushed his wad into the pot before he looked at his draw."

"Now I leave it to you if you could size that play up for anything else but two pairs or a bluff, or maybe even a kind of a kind at the outside. Mind you, I had been playing with him for two hours, and he had played just that sort of a game."

And he'd just kick about how slow the play was, when it had gone fast enough for the average citizen. Any how, I hadn't any doubt in my mind."

"Billy hadn't a word, for he called for his pile, having caught the third ace, and I showed mine as a matter of course."

The stock broker laid down, and we had to count up. It proved that my pile was about four hundred lower than Charles Horse's and he fumbled round in his clothes for a few minutes before he found another five hundred dollar bill."

"Willy Boy had shown his openers and laid down, and Charles Horse couldn't raise again, because I was all in, and, of course, Billy wasn't in it. But he called, and even then I was sure of the pot."

Well, he had two pairs all right—two pairs of sixes."

"After we reached the street I found about six dollars in change in my left hand pocket and I went round to Canfield's and called the turn once for that, so I have pocket money enough for the day, but I'm not looking for those automobiles this week."

There ain't much monotony about it, is there? But my how it keeps you guessing."

afterward all he had seen was a pair of sizes, but that was the kind of a game he was playing, and we all knew it, so he didn't scare us."

"Billy wasn't having a pair of aces, and I found a four flush, which was good enough for the odds in the pot, with the stockbroker still to hear from, so I threw in my hundred. The stock broker, he studied quite a while, but finally he came in and called for three cards."

"Willy Boy took, of course, Charles Horse took one. Billy threw and drew to his ace, and I filled my flush, king high."

"Willy Boy threw in a white chip without looking, and Charles Horse pushed his wad into the pot before he looked at his draw."

"Now I leave it to you if you could size that play up for anything else but two pairs or a bluff, or maybe even a kind of a kind at the outside. Mind you, I had been playing with him for two hours, and he had played just that sort of a game."

And he'd just kick about how slow the play was, when it had gone fast enough for the average citizen. Any how, I hadn't any doubt in my mind."

and wait for the coconuts to drop in your lap."

"It was too bright to last. Charles Horse averaged about two blues a minute, and Willy Boy wasn't far behind, so, as the best stock broker could do was to stay about even, it was us for the coin till we got careless."

"Then the lightning-struck again. Charles Horse was in every time, no matter what it cost, and was pulling one, two, three, and even four cards, till he'd taken about one pot in twenty-five, till you'd have thought he'd gone mad, but all he did was to stretch himself and yawn, and finally began to complain because the game was too slow."

"What's the good playin' for beans?" he said. "It takes too long to lose your money this way. Let's take off the roof." And he laid his roll on the table."

The stockbroker, he was game, but he hadn't over about a thousand in his pocket. "I'll go you," he said, "if you'll take my check." And we all said that was satisfactory."

"Willy Boy said he didn't mind. He hadn't a great deal on his person, he said, but he could get anything he wanted from the house, and he'd just as soon play out under the sky as any other way."

"Billy said all he asked for was a show for his pile, and he'd keep up with the procession as long as he could, so that fetched it up to me, and I didn't want anything better. My wad was as big as Charles Horse had flashed, and I pulled out two of his cards and came in. As it turned out."

"It wasn't any phony deal, at that, for I had the deck myself, and I don't fight crimples with knives. It would have been better if it had been the cards against that outfit."

"It was a jackpot, and Willy Boy opened it for the size of it, which was an even hundred. Charles Horse looked at two of his cards and came in. As it turned out."

"After we reached the street I found about six dollars in change in my left hand pocket and I went round to Canfield's and called the turn once for that, so I have pocket money enough for the day, but I'm not looking for those automobiles this week."

There ain't much monotony about it, is there? But my how it keeps you guessing."

afterward all he had seen was a pair of sizes, but that was the kind of a game he was playing, and we all knew it, so he didn't scare us."

"Billy wasn't having a pair of aces, and I found a four flush, which was good enough for the odds in the pot, with the stockbroker still to hear from, so I threw in my hundred. The stock broker, he studied quite a while, but finally he came in and called for three cards."

"Willy Boy took, of course, Charles Horse took one. Billy threw and drew to his ace, and I filled my flush, king high."

"Willy Boy threw in a white chip without looking, and Charles Horse pushed his wad into the pot before he looked at his draw."

"Now I leave it to you if you could size that play up for anything else but two pairs or a bluff, or maybe even a kind of a kind at the outside. Mind you, I had been playing with him for two hours, and he had played just that sort of a game."

And he'd just kick about how slow the play was, when it had gone fast enough for the average citizen. Any how, I hadn't any doubt in my mind."

"Billy hadn't a word, for he called for his pile, having caught the third ace, and I showed mine as a matter of course."

The stock broker laid down, and we had to count up. It proved that my pile was about four hundred lower than Charles Horse's and he fumbled round in his clothes for a few minutes before he found another five hundred dollar bill."

"Willy Boy had shown his openers and laid down, and Charles Horse couldn't raise again, because I was all in, and, of course, Billy wasn't in it. But he called, and even then I was sure of the pot."

Well, he had two pairs all right—two pairs of sixes."

"After we reached the street I found about six dollars in change in my left hand pocket and I went round to Canfield's and called the turn once for that, so I have pocket money enough for the day, but I'm not looking for those automobiles this week."

There ain't much monotony about it, is there? But my how it keeps you guessing."

afterward all he had seen was a pair of sizes, but that was the kind of a game he was playing, and we all knew it, so he didn't scare us."

"Billy wasn't having a pair of aces, and I found a four flush, which was good enough for the odds in the pot, with the stockbroker still to hear from, so I threw in my hundred. The stock broker, he studied quite a while, but finally he came in and called for three cards."

"Willy Boy took, of course, Charles Horse took one. Billy threw and drew to his ace, and I filled my flush, king high."

"Willy Boy threw in a white chip without looking, and Charles Horse pushed his wad into the pot before he looked at his draw."

"Now I leave it to you if you could size that play up for anything else but two pairs or a bluff, or maybe even a kind of a kind at the outside. Mind you, I had been playing with him for two hours, and he had played just that sort of a game."

And he'd just kick about how slow the play was, when it had gone fast enough for the average citizen. Any how, I hadn't any doubt in my mind."

THE BIG STORE ACTIVITY ITSELF

# SIEGEL COOPER & CO.

SIXTH AV. MEET ME AT THE FOUNTAIN 18-38 STS.

## The Most Magnificent Millinery Salon in America!

### Opening Days!

Superb Showing of Paris and American Hats.

**EXQUISITE displays!** A fascinating Fall Exposition. The daintiest, most daring style show in all greater New York. Creations of master minds. You will note in this grand new Salon on the Second Floor tomorrow the richest, most artistic of the millinery world.

**All the Stories of the Art Are Here in Vivid Profusion.**

It needs indeed a facile pen to briefly and adequately describe the irresistible beauties of this palatial Salon.

One recalls the gay, gorgeous days of the French Empire—and yet this Salon bears no trace of the gorgeous.

It is elegance and dignity typified. The richness of the appointments—the gleaming mirrors before which discriminating visitors sit, the glistening ebony woodwork, the polished parquet floor, the quick, alert salespeople, and, above all, the marvellous millinery displays, form a picture pleasing to the eye, enchanting to the mind and profitable to your purse.

**Dashing French Hats at \$25.00.**

We display the masterful creations of such fashion wizards as Esther Mayer, Paul Virot at Berthe, Mona Lewis, Susanne Blum, Caroline Reboux, Camille Roger and others. These magnificent models cost us from \$35.00 to \$60.00 each, but as a special attraction we've made the price \$25.00 on some of these hats.

**Model Hats at \$10 and \$15.**

At our formal opening two weeks ago we exhibited upwards of 100 Model Hats, many of them being from famous French milliners. These Hats having served their purpose with us will be sold at the prices named—\$10 and \$15. Every one absolutely perfect; each a beauty.

**Beautiful Hats at \$5.00.**

These Hats lead the world in point of beauty and popularity, price considered. Just as stylish and becoming as hats priced elsewhere at \$10 to \$15. All are made of imported materials and modelled after the most charming of European styles.

**Rough Felt Hats at 75c.**

Finished with broad stitched binding of same material in contrasting colors; popular shapes and colors. Regular \$1.25 quality.

**Hats for Shopping and Street Wear.**

Three smart new shapes. One is a Rough Felt Walking Hat, chitly trimmed with a large bow of ribbon and strap of felt of contrasting color.

Another is a Roll Brim Sailor, archly draped with a silk scarf and finished with large cabochons. The third is a shepherdess shape of hairy cloth effect, trimmed with shaggy felt and handsome wings. If sold elsewhere these hats would be priced at \$2.50 and \$3.00.

**Long Nap Beaver Hats at 1.45.**

Regular \$2.50 quality.

**Most wanted shapes and colors.**

**Sewing Machines, 14.25.**

**THE NEW HOME MODEL.**

Remember, the Victory is a thoroughly up-to-date Machine and is fitted with all the latest and most approved attachments, self-threading shuttle and automatic winder. Guaranteed for five years.

Monday's remarkable price, \$14.25. Same Machine, box top style, for \$12.50.

**GENUINE SINGER SEWING MACHINE, chain stitch, with 7 drawers, drop-head style, \$32.00.**

**THE SINGER ASCULATOR, 5 and 7 drawers, drop-head style, all the latest attachments, special for Monday, \$32.00.**

Instructions given free. (Third Floor, Centre.)

**Infants' Store.**

Hand Knit Garments of All Kinds. The largest stock in the city.

To not only make baby warm and comfortable, but cunningly dainty as well.

More and more mothers are finding out each year how inexpensively the little people can be clothed at The Big Store.

BABIES' CAPS, hand made worsted and silk crocheted, with swansdown fur trimming or satin ribbon, 6 months to 3 years, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00.

Others of finer quality at \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00.

BABIES' WORSTED SACKS, in blue, pink and white trimming, \$2.25.

Others of finer quality, hand made, 49c, 59c, 75c, and \$1.00.

INFANTS' HAND MADE WORSTED BOOTEES, 25c, 29c, 39c.

BABIES' KNEE LEGGINGS, in white, black, red and gray, \$2.25.

BABIES' HAND MADE WORSTED DRAWER LEGGINGS, with or without feet, in black or white, 6 months to 3 years, \$2.25.

Ask for Booklet. (Second Floor, East, 19th St.)

**Special Sale of Watches.**

Also New and Stylish Jewelry.

WHO wouldn't buy a Watch when such an opportunity springs eagerly into the foreground of publicity?

Good Watches in all the newest designs and at

**Prices That Quickly Engage Favorable Attention.**

Diamond Rings, Solid Gold Rings, Solid Gold Cuff Buttons, Chatelaine Bags and Sterling Silver Thimbles. All at special prices, and all suitable for gifts. What wonder that the Jewelry Store will be exceptionally busy!

**MEN'S WATCHES, 16 size, open-face watches, gold-filled, engine-turned case, fitted with a fine Geneva movement, stem wind and pendant set, every watch warranted, \$3.95.**

**WOMEN'S ENAMELLED CHATELAIN WATCHES, 16 size, open-face watches, blue, green, red and turquoise, with pin to match, fitted with fine jeweled Swiss movement, stem wind and set, \$4.95.**

**SINGLE STONE DIAMOND RINGS, fine cut stone, Tiffany or Belcher mountings, with handsomely cut stones, \$5.00.**

**WOMEN'S 16 size, 14-kt. solid gold hunting-case WATCHES, cases are hand engraved or engine turned, fitted with 7-jewel Elgin or Waltham movement, stem wind and pendant set, every watch warranted, \$15.75.**

**MEN'S 16 size, 14-kt. solid gold-filled watches, 16 size, gold-filled thin-model case, warranted for ten years, fitted with 7-jewel American movement, \$6.50.**

**DIAMOND RINGS, Tiffany or Belcher mountings, with handsomely cut stones, \$9.00.**

**WOMEN'S AND MISSES' SOLID GOLD RINGS, in various styles single stones and fancy clusters, regularly sold for \$2.50, \$7.50.**

**BABY RINGS, solid gold, set with genuine diamond chip, \$1.00.**

**SOLID GOLD CUFF BUTTONS, in plain or fancy patterns, Roman finish, regularly sold for \$2.00, \$5.00.**

**CHATELAIN BAGS, with fine cut steel beads, French gray frame, chain and chatelaine attached, \$5.00.**

**STERLING SILVER THIMBLES, all sizes, \$5.00.**

(Main Floor, Front.)

## WHOLESALE EXPORT RETAIL

# LUDWIG BAUMANN & COMPLY

8TH AVENUE, 35TH AND 36TH STREETS.

Furniture Entrance—260 to 288 West 36th Street, New York, Near Eighth Avenue.

**THE TREND OF TRADE!**

Headquarters for "the best values," and the throngs are apparently appreciative of the fact. Constantly, ceaselessly the crowds come and go. Our resources and facilities are equal to the emergency. We're always ready to fill your orders—promptly and satisfactorily. Despite the "scarcity" which others deplore, we're well supplied with everything the purchasers can demand, and at very low prices. We're specialists, and the services of a specialist are yours here—at less than others ask!

Our Specialty—Flats and Apartments Furnished En Suite. Estimates Furnished on Application.

<b>DRESSING TABLE AND CHAIR</b> To match, of old Boston type, with frames in natural oak, showing green shading; mahogany, artistic and very picturesque in effect; perfect reproduction of the quaint, hand made pieces of a hundred years ago; in modern form doubly effective; these are but two of the many exclusive and elegant novelties in our vast assortment
---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------